

# Missing

1.  
mother wakes every morning  
to chase the horizon  
into night with  
flesh and cocaine

tells my sisters  
this is no way  
to live  
and leaves  
again

with her fourth husband  
pulls miles under her feet  
turning the earth

2.  
her callused feet  
caked with dirt, beer, urine, vodka  
from vegas strip  
soles stained  
heels cracked  
she sits  
finally  
traces  
her daughters' faces  
in the lines of her feet

tells them a story  
of how three men  
in black hooded sweatshirts  
followed her down alvarado  
stole her gold  
virgin mary pendant  
and this time she left  
because she has to find mary  
she has to keep going  
until she finds  
mary

3.  
i clutch your bones  
as if i know

you're not mine  
our sienna dust skins  
meet but your eyes  
always let me in  
i played your pleasure  
the instrument of my love  
sweat perfume tears  
suspended in shiver i keep  
you now  
on quilted purple pansies and  
your mom's tamales seeping  
through the door  
cayenne still wraps your arms  
around my neck  
drops me  
as you walk past in the hall

*and everyone who leaves is  
everyone who leaves all  
over again*

*-Suheir Hammad*



Cassandra Love is a 2008 PEN USA Emerging Voices Fellow. *Swagger is a Woman* is her first book of poetry and is available through Mouthfeel Press. Her poems have been featured in journals and anthologies, some of which include: *Forth Magazine*, *Haight Ashbury Literary Journal*, and *Mezcla*. She also hosts the radio show "For the Love of Poetry" on BlogTalkRadio. Cassandra studied literature and played basketball at Yale. With a mother who emigrated to LA from Manila, and a father from North Dakota, Cassandra finds truth in fluidity, ambiguity, and the space between spaces. She lives with her daughter, Lua, and partner, Guilherme, in Los Angeles.

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